COMIX WORLD 64. January 15, 1977. Copyright Clay Geerdes, 915 Indian Rock Rd., Berkeley, CA 94707. All rights reserved. Subs: $3.50 for 12, $6 for 24. 60 back issues for $10. Logo by Briz, an L.A. fantasy artist whose work will appear in ZERO #4. The first ugs of '77? Bob Sidebottom's BARBARIAN WOMEN 2 and CALIFORNIA COMICS 3. Both $2. Both worth the price. BW2 has a color cover and full color inside story by S. Clay Wilson. Some of Wilson's grossest stuff, "Babbs Crabb and her Friend Bernice Meet the Male Chauvinist Peg," is another fragment of Wilson's life-long pirate tale. Aside from the fact that the story called "Warrier" is a blatant Corben swipe (compare For the Love of Daemon and Skull 6), BW 2 strikes me as an excellent comic. Ron Harris's The Hashida Gold is a beautifully illustrated tale of irony and greed set in Japan. Nice inside cover illo by Ed Watson who draws nubile girls better than Bode did. $2.35 pp from Bob at 73 Ea. San Fernando, San Jose, CA 95113. Dealers should inquire. Wilson is sure to get an award for that gory castration cover. Those women are sure to make the WIMMENS outlaws pale into the vellum.

California Comics 3 is an ug 1st of sorts, having a red and white striped cover into which is built a woman's body. Now it's not unusual to see likenesses of women on comics, fantasy likenesses being a major selling point, but this woman has red and white striped gloves and stockings and sun glasses; her navel and nipples are covered with blue stars; and the only thing exposed is her labia majora, surrounded by golden pubic hair in the shape of an American eagle, Ed Watson's nod to the long Bicentennial we endured in '76. It's a cover designed to be hidden under the counter anywhere in the country outside of a few bold head shops. Inside, Ed tells another tale of his acid-guru, Lovetree. "Anglers Three" is one of the most unusual fish stories in or out of the comix. Ed's full-page Wesson oil fantasy ought to be printed as a color poster. What is printed as a poster in the center fold-out is a nude painting by Richard Corben. It's a nice air-brushed piece of photo-realism in the Aslay style popularized in OUI, but the blonde has no pubic hair and her anatomy is a bit weird for my tastes, definitely not the best work of Corben. Concluding this strange collection of graphic art is Barney Steel's hard-hat fantasy, "My Ford is a Closet Flying Saucer." Couple of nice line drawings by T. Bird and the latest part of the Comixography being researched by Bill Loudin, this one covering the D's. Not an easy task to make up an index of this kind, because comix are still happening and before you get to print there are always additions. Dr. Atomic 4, for instance, came out in December, and isn't on the listing. On the other hand, earlier ug works like the tabloid DIRTY GIRDIES COMIX are described in detail, making this listing a valuable one for both writers and collectors.* In the February HIGH TIMES, you'll find the first pages of Gilbert Shelton's new color Freak Brothers story, a tale which features Norbert the Nark. The story will be serialized and run monthly in HT. Shelton did the cover for Feb.* More work by Bobby London in HEAD.* FUN #3 highly recommended by CW. Features Errol McCarthy's work, "Francuntstein" and "Galaxia, Virgin Queen of the Cosmos." Monarch, P. O. Box 5334, Houston TX.

...LIKE HE WAS OUT BEHIND THE OLD SHED TOKIN' ON A BOMBER!
HEAVY!
FARRR OUT!
THEY TOO BECAME QUICKLY AWARE THAT I POSESSED THE VAST STORE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR WHICH THEY HUNGERED.

CARLOAD O' COMICS, the anthology of Crumb published by Belier Press is certain to expand the Crumb mystique beyond its present parameters. The book shows the wide range of Crumb's interests and anyone reading it will become aware of the enormous influence the artist has had on subsequent comix as well as on magazine and tv advertising. Crumb is a true satirist who never holds anything back. His fantasies are uncensored and his flight into the absurd unrestricted. The new story, published in CARLOAD for the first time, is Mr. Snoid in "Once I led the life of a Millionaire." Snoid oppresses his servant, Beulah, and is brought down by a gang of revolutionaries. In the process, Crumb indulges himself in his favorite big-ass fantasy. The rumor is Crumb is working on a full book about the Snoids, those smiling characters who inhabit women's anuses.

How does the old comic book business work? Crumb tells the entire story in pictures on the back of Carload. What's the right subject matter? Anything in your own life, preferably exaggerated a shade beyond belief. Where most people stop and begin to censor their fantasy lives, Crumb starts. He follows Sam the Plumber into the sewer and out again. So how come he never wrote a comic called TOILETS AND TUSHIES? You will get off on the elaborate Crumbography at the end of his carload of funnies, one which includes most of his covers. Unlike other anthologies in print which have a way of promoting only the company that published them, Belier's Carload plugs everybody who wrote about or published Crumb. There is a nice note on Marjorie Allessandrini's CRUMB (Paris:Albin Michel, '74), a French bio yet to be translated.

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TITTERS, edited by Deanne Stillman and Anne Beatts, Macmillan, 1976, is a much needed book and one which the editors will probably get a lot of flack from. It is not a pretty book. There is no elegant white space or aesthetically pleasing photography, but there is a lot of color. In fact, it looks like an expanded version of the NATIONAL LAMPOON, and sometimes it reads like it. It was put together entirely by women in what appears to be a merry off-the-wall way and for this reason it is fast reading, fun and funny. It is also irreverent, gross and provocative. The miracle is that it got published at all. And by MacMillan? Ye Gods, is the east coast actually waking up? Yes, by Hera, and they have discovered that the latest in thrills to offer a jaded buying public is raunchy female humor. Thank Goddess.

Its 192 pages are jammed with goodies--and some dull stuff. Most of it is satire and parody, written, drawn and photographed, and the bulk of it is fresh. My favorites are The Total Slave by Linda Crawford, in which "Fidelity expert Madel Moron has devised a course that will enrich your marriage . . . and teach you how to beg, sit up and roll over;" Roll Me Over, Lay Me Down by Florence King, "the heyday of the hymen, when the only penetrated hole was the one in Adlai's shoe"; Signals for a Monday Night by Erma Bombeck, in which a football widow fights back; A Guide To Black Slang by Fran Ross, which is funny even to a terminal WASP; Eloise Returns by Janie Gaynor and Peggy Goldman, "She's twenty-six, she lives at the Plaza, she has a deco coke spoon;" Clampax Menstrual Pontoon Instruction Booklet by Emily Prager, which surely will become a classic; The Feminish Dictionary, which carries changing the language to its logical absurdity; Zit Picking by Shelby Sampson, another shared but secret hobby; Miz Magazine by a committee whose marvelously twisted brains did a one page biography of Ilse Koch, and last but not least, the Male Nude Centerfold by Pst Oleszko, which is not in the center and doesn't fold out but is one of the best bits of photography and stitchery done anywhere. There are plenty more high quality laughs in the book. Those are merely my favorites. Now to the bummers. The Bay Area cartoonists were all clumped in the back which I think was a shame because, with the exception of Shelby Sampson, they ranged from dreadful to mediocre. Spacing them through the book would have made the better ones look good and the bad ones easy to skip over. The problem with the bad strips was that they just weren't funny at all, while the better ones didn't seem to have the level of humor the rest of the book did in its best parts. Dale Messick did a full color strip titled Brenda Starr Gets a Navel. It was cute. That's all I can say.

Much of the written parody was too long, going on for three or four pages, losing steam and the reader. Pimento, a parody of Lillian Hellman, is a good example, although the article is accompanied by an excellent and rather funny painting of Hellman. Fear of Fucking by Anne Beatts is similar. It's a very good parody of Erica Jong and has a well done illustration, but the piece should have been two, not five pages. The paper dolls are in gorgeous color, but I fail to see anything funny about them. Maybe it's just me, but finding something like that smack in the middle of a generally funny book made me feel like an idiot--as if I were missing something.

I subscribe to the idea that nothing is sacred, as it is obvious the editors of TITTERS do, however, I still found a few areas which set my teeth on edge. The Sylvia Plath Cookbook was unnecessary in my opinion. It was 'clever' and 'daring,' but not quite a sidesplitter. I kept wondering how her mother would feel if she saw it. In other parts of the book I was made uncomfortable by the use of real or near real names and portraits. That kind of thing strikes me as exploitive and I do not think it is a show of strength to parody individuals without their permission. Ilse Koch, yes. At least, she is dead and was a known zombie, but why Patty Hearst and not Jackie Onassis? This is an area in which I think feminists will object most strongly, feeling that satire and parody are useful when directed at groups, institutions or stereotypes, but destructive when focused on one person.

The omissions in TITTERS are as fascinating as what is in the book. Did Lily Tomlin really object to the title on grounds that it was sexist? What about Harrison and Tyler, Ruth Gordon and Anita Loos? I wondered why there weren't take-offs on Vogue or some of the more self-righteous feminist publications, and I would love to have seen something done on fashion covering Hippie Chick or Dyke Chic with a little bisexual cheek on the side. Well, it's easy to criticize and it's difficult to put everything in a first book. It made me laugh and I suspect it will make some hard-line feminists laugh in places they will feel guilty about later, but that's what humor is all about. It tends to level people to a unified whole. Women need that.

TITTERS is a good start. The editors took a lot of risks and with some exceptions did a wonderful job. They are both excellent satirical writers as well. I can't wait for the sequel. Wouldn't it be amusing if it were called CLITTERS! (Lyn Chevli, who reviewed TITTERS, is co-editor of TITS 'N' CLITS COMICS, the third issue of which will be out in February.) * In the February HIGH TIMES begins a new color Freak Brothers story drawn by Shelton and Sheridan. Shelton did the February cover. * Guy Colwell has completed the 3rd issue of Inner City Romance. The book will be published by Last Gasp. * John Adkins Richardson, some of whose work has been published by Krupp Comic Works, has published an excellent work on drawing. The Complete book of Cartooning is a large paperback with many illos. Underground comix are covered in chapter 7 on page 198. $6.95 from Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N. J. 07632. Incidentally, I don't agree with anything Richardson says about ugs and will elaborate when I review the book. * Dot Bucher just reminded me in a tough note that she was co-editor of WIMMEN'S 7.* COMIX UNLIMITED 2 was tied up by a United Parcel strike. Vince won't burn you. * Next from Krupp: Trina's Women & Lee Marrs Compleat Fart. * Bizarre Classix is $6.50 pp fm Belier Press, P. O. Box "C", Gracie Sta, NY NY 10028. * Greg Ironsdid a series of flyers for a Berkeley Rock club, West Dakota in November and December of 1976. * On January 16, I was at the Hyatt-Wilshire in L. A. to witness the induction of Groucho Marx into the Motion Picture Hall of Fame. Groucho, who has inspired so many underground artists (He is Dirty Duck, in case you never knew), was hip to hype city. Given his plaque, he said, "I accept this award, shabby as it is." George Fennerman, announcer on You Bet Your Life, told a lot of Groucho stories. "I was afraid to go to restaurants with him. He'd spot a beautiful woman in a booth and he'd sit down with her and say, "Are you alone? Well, there must be something terribly wrong with you." At 86, Groucho seemed pretty spaced out, but he could still outwit his critics with those one-liners.

ROBERT FERRIGNO
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

To Readers of TBG:

I recently purchased several pages of original underground art from a collector/dealer on the East Coast. The pages were all published and by several of the ZAP artists. When I received the pages, I felt that the style was a little rough, the line unsure, but I assumed that, since they were early works, that the artists were still forming. I took two of the pages to a Con in Oregon, and put them on display. Several dealers commented favorably on the pages, saying that they had never seen original underground art, and liking what they saw. Just about then a man named Mike strolled up and told me that he knew the artist, had seen his originals and the ones I had on display were frauds. After several weeks of checking...this involved contacting the artists (Clay Geerdes of Comix World helped) and sending xeroxes for their appraisal...the verdict was in: GUILTY. I contacted the nam who sold me the pages, informed him of the situation, as did the artist's lawyer, and got my money back. The collector/dealer told me that if the pages were fraudulent, he had been massively swindled. At this point I settled for a full refund and a letter to TBG.

If you are buying original underground art, here are some things I've learned. Buy from a reputable, established dealer. This is not a guarantee of authenticity. The dealer I bought from was highly recommended by other dealers I contacted prior to the purchase. However, in the instance of fraud, you can at least get your money back. Keep all ads, letters, and receipts of purchase. You may need them as evidence. I would suggest buying only published art unless you buy directly from the artist. With published art you have a ready method of authentication: the published page. Hold the "original" next to the published page. Look at areas not of major visual interest; shading, corner detail, whatever. If there is a variation in line or detail, you in all probability have been ripped off. At least at that point, you should take other steps to authenticate. Pencil lines may appear on the original that don't appear on the printed page, but they would have to be very light, and/or blue pencil. The inked portions of the original and the printed page must correlate exactly.

In retrospect, it seems that the thing that made it easy to be fooled was my own excitement about the art. Like many other people, I had never seen an original underground page. I had doubts about the pages received, but I wanted to believe that they were real. This seems like a rather naive attitude when hundreds of dollars are at stake. If you are buying, be critical. The easiest ways to forge art, also make it difficult to forge with strong, clean strokes, the way the true original is. Ignorance and gullibility makes it hard on everybody but the sharks.